The Globe-Republican.

D. M. FROST, Publisher.

DODGE CITY. . . . . KANSAS

OUT OF THE WAY.

Jamie's feet are restless and rough,
  Jamie's fingers cause disarray,
Jamie can never make noise enough,
  Jamie is told to get out of the way.

Out of the way of beautiful things,
  Out of the way with his games and toys,
Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
  Out on the street, with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
  Out of the mother-care, into the throng,
Out of the way of fret and complaint,
  Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

Out of the way of truth and right,
  Out with the bold, the reckless, the gay,
Out of purity into the night—
  Mother, your boy is out of the way!

Out into darkness, crime and woe!—
  Mother, why do you weep to-day?
Weep that Jamie has sunk so low,
  You who sent him out of your way!

Pray you, mother, to be forgiven!
  And for your boy, too, pray, oh, pray!
For he is out of the way to Heaven—
  Yes, he is surely out of the way!
—Emma C. Dowd, in Youths' Companion.

MERRY HUSKERS.

Romance That Grew Out of a Vermont Gathering.

The Pretty Girl That Found the Red Ear had Promised her two Suitors That her Affirmative Answer Would be a Kiss.

Over the dun, barren fields, through the rustling golden glory of fallen leaves and beneath the soft splendor of the late October moon the country lads and lasses hasten to the huskings with swift and willing steps. One, two and even three miles they walk, though horses stand idly in the stables, for who would ride when the jolliest part of the whole proceeding is the walk home with your best girl after it is over and the lingering good night at the gate? The yellow corn shocks are piled high against the old barn walls, where, in swaying festoons of aromatic cedar, lanterns flash out of the dark and make heavy shadows on the bright, flushed faces of the merry workers; fringes and tassels of pine droop from the dark brown rafters, and through it all subtle, sweet odors drift from the hay mow, whose summit is lost in the gables. High up in a corner of the peaked roof is fastened a wreath of cedars where never a girl would dream one would be hung, and if any unsuspecting maiden ventures unconsciously beneath it, or is inveigled by some mischievous youth into its vicinity, she pays a mistle-toe-bough penalty to whatever swain happens to be quickest at her side.

How the sweet, glad voices ring through the rustling of the dry stalks as swift brown fingers strip the husks away and toss the ears over their shoulders into golden, glowing heaps, which the men carry away in baskets! What a shout and mad chase when the red ear is found, and the fleet-footed finder runs from her pursuers, brandishing it aloft, and how graciously and sweetly, when the race is over, she lifts her moist, warm lips to the swiftest runner in a kiss that is a kiss, with a smack to it that you could almost taste yourself the other side of the room.

And when the work is done how quickly room is made for the long table, improvised out of barrels and boards, where jugs of cider, heaped-up plates of brown doughnuts, great square tins of pumpkin pies and piles of red and yellow apples are placed, while crazy seats of cornstalks accommodate the guests, who are served from the plenteous store! We reverse the conventional order of proceedings here, and, instead of a lot of stupid men tearing distractedly about the table and spilling most of the viands they try to secure for their ladies, the men are seated themselves and the light-footed maidens, with their soft, skillful hands, serve them and afterward sit down beside them to share the feast. Once it is dispatched, men and maidens alike help to clear the floor, the fiddler mounts a rickety platform and all join in the old-fashioned country dances with the joyous abandon of children until the moonbeams get tangled in the distant tree tops, and warn them that it is time to pair off, like birds in May, and start on the long walk toward home.

But of all the frolics Farmer Jenkins' husking bee the other night was the rollickingest, jolliest, merriest and gayest. In the first place, the farmer has the biggest barn and the best cider and the prettiest daughter in the whole township, and, in the second place, his wife makes the sweetest doughnuts and the thickest pumpkin pies and the richest molasses cake of any one near here. And, in addition to all these attractions, a pretty little romance was brought to a charming finale in a most original and quaint manner just before the husking was done.

Janie Jenkins is the most bewitching bundle of willful womanhood, with delicious, demure little ways that win your heart, but with a certain still proud dignity that commands your respect. If ever she lifts her long dusky lashes and reveals the wistful depths of her wonderful eyes, you feel like taking her in your arms as you would a baby that is sobbing; but if you so much as touch the tips of her fingers, she flashes a look of scornful defiance from those same depths that would right about face a whole regiment of men. Even in her childhood's merry games of forfeits no daring rustic laddie ever presumed to claim his rightful kiss from Janie, for she didn't believe in kissing and nonsense and would have none of it, but she was a blithe, brave, bonny little maiden, who knew how to steer her own sled down the sparkling snow crust in winter, and sail her own crazy skiff over the waves in summer, and thought no more of going out in the pasture to catch and mount the vixenish, perverse little mare she would persist in riding, (though not a man on the place could handle her) than other girls would think of picking a [illegible] of roses for their corsage.

Every one felt a little bit of awe in Janie's presence, even the old biddies who knew she never would amount to any thing because she would not learn to bake and brew; and the honest country boys who admired her afar off, and, flushed with strange, eager joy, they couldn't understand when she smiled on them. But there was one person who wasn't afraid of Miss Janie, and that was Harrison Wilkins, whose mother's farm joined her father's, and who took her out in her little cart on the first journey she ever made in this world, when she was six weeks and he was six years old. It was Harrison who carried her little shiny dinner pail to school when she went to learn her a b c's; who taught her how to steer the sled and sail the boat; who buried her kitten when it died; who helped her break the spirit of the fractious mare, and showed her how to sit the saddle firmly and hold the bridle well down in her firm little hand. It was Harrison who took her where the first mayflowers came in the springtime; who showed her where the first strawberries ripened in June, and who shook the first chestnuts down for her in October; who helped her with her sums in arithmetic and fought her battles, and who never feared her or heeded her pretty imperious ways at all. Perhaps it was the care that his father's death brought to him as a child that developed his strength and firmness and fearlessness; perhaps it was only the dignity of his great love for Janie that made him her master. The day they buried the kitten he told her not to cry, for she would be his little wife some day, and when she indignantly lisped her vow never, never to be any body's wife, he only laughed and said: "That's all right, Janie, for now, but you'll change your mind some day."

Every one in Wilton thought Janie and Harrison were to be married—that is, every one but Janie—when there came upon the scene Adolphus Comstock from a distant city, who was the son of her father's oldest friend. He came for the fishing and the sketching, but he stayed for something else.

He knew women only through the conventional formal medium of society, and was such an exasperatingly and indifferent cynical creature that he piqued most women into displaying their frivolous and least attractive characteristics to him. He cared more for his pointers than for his sister's chattering friends; for a trout book, his rod and flies, than any moonlight excursion or picnic, with a galaxy of pretty girls who must be waltzed with and talked with. But Janie knew the favorite haunts of the speckled beauties herself and could give him points on the fishing question besides. Harrison had taught her. She could pull her skiff steadily and still to where schools of bass hid in the cool waters of the lake, and land the gamiest of them without a scream, and when she cleared a five-rail fence on the wicked little pony which he had seen her saddle and mount, his respect grew into wondering, piquant interest. He liked the proud reserve with which this little rural beauty met his advances, the pretty scornful curl of the red lips at his finest compliments, and the haughty poise of the small head as her eyes flashed charming negatives to his proposals. He fancied what a wonder she would be once she learned her power; what a queenly beauty in the apparel which his wealth could give her; what a strong, tender woman once her spirit were broken and her heart melted.

Harrison looked on grimly at all this wooing, ground his teeth sometimes as she rode by with the handsome stranger on the horse he taught her how to ride, but always smiled at last in confidence content, and said to himself: "She will flirt with that city chap to the end of the chapter, but she will be my wife at last." He told her so the day of the husking, when he was helping her fasten the cedar festoons. Her face was temptingly near his as she raised it to lift to him some more of the greens, and they were just beneath the kissing wreath, too, but when he would have claimed his just and lawful dues she stopped him with a pretty protesting "please," and as she turned her flushed face away he could see the full white throat quiver a little as with a sudden contraction, and the lips trembled strangely. They were all alone in a big, fragrant place just for a minute, and he stooped suddenly and caught her with a noose of the green rope he was draping, and asked if she had forgotten that she was to be his wife some day, and when, instead of the usual spirited protest, she only laughed and told him softly that when she was quite sure she was ready she would give him the kiss she owed him, he freed her and went on with his hammering and whittling.

That had been a trying day for Janie. She had helped her mother with the baking and her father with the barn decoration. She had ridden twice into the village for some forgotten ingredient needed for the mysterious processes going on in the big, sweet pantry, and, worse than all the rest, Adolphus Comstock had proposed to her in the little parlor, where she sat polishing the scarlet apples for the supper. It was all so sudden, and every thing was in such a flutter that she didn't know what she had told him, but was dimly conscious of turning away her face when he would have kissed her, and faltering out something about her giving him the kiss some time when she was sure she could be all to him that he asked her to be.

Janie was horribly afraid that night as she thought it all over, while she braided her long, glossy hair into a coronent for her graceful little head, that she had half promised to marry two men, and the worst of it was she didn't quite know which one she did care most for. It was too bad of Harrison to say what he did when she had so much to do and no time to think it out at all, and after she had had one proposal.

But already the people were coming, and there was no time to think then, so she flew into a dark blue gingham dress, with a broad collar turned back from her soft, white throat, and knotted with scarlet ribbons, tied a red apron about her trim waist, and tripped lightly down the stairs and through the moonlight to the barn, where she met her guests with a merry, glad greeting, and there seated herself on a big corn shock, with her small, shapely head outlined against the yellow corn heap at her back, and hot blushes sweeping over her face.

Such a laugh as arose when Janie of all others found the first red ear, but the girl herself grew strangely pale for an instant; then with a bound she flew as fleetly as a deer round and round the room, in and out among the workers. One by one the pursuers all drop out of the race except Harrison and Adophus. The people knew pretty well the state of affairs between the three, and watched with breathless interest the result of the race, which seemed to them significant and prophetic.

The girl's steps grew slower, and at length, finding herself in a corner where there was no escape, she caught at one of the festoons and half climbed, half drew herself up to the top of the great corn heap, where she poised, turned and faced them like a frightened bird in a snare. Adolphus would have dashed up after her, but Harrison put his big brown hand commandingly on the other's shoulder and bade him wait. "Now Janie," he said, in the old confident, sweet tone, "come down and take your pick."

Just for a second she waited, but in that fatal second came back to her all the years of sweet companionship, of helpfulness and trust. Why, of course, she couldn't live without him; of course, she was to be his wife some day, of course she belonged to him—hadn't he always said so, even by the kitten's grave, and just then the corn shock she stood on gave a great slide, and, without any effort of her own, she was in his arms, and every body was cheering and shouting in the place. And right in the midst of it all didn't Harrison say with a triumphant gleam in his flashing eyes, "I told you so, Janie; and now for the kiss."

She lifted the the shadowy lashes just for a second with a look in her eyes that made the big, strong fellow feel as weak as a woman, and kissed him softly once, twice, thrice, before them all. Then she ran away, and he couldn't get near her again until after the tables were cleared and the dancing was to begin.

The stranger disappeared and no one could find him at the supper, but when the long lines of Virginia reel had formed, he mounted the quickly-improvised platform, took Harrison's violin, bade him go and find Janie to lead the dance, and then he played such music as our people had never heard before, and watched Janie trip down the center, with both small hands held fast and hidden in her lover's broad brown one's. The next morning he went away, and there's to be a wedding soon, and he says he's coming back to play while Janie leads the dance again.—Chicago Herald.

IMPENETRABLE FOG.

In It Lies the Greatest Danger to Ocean Navigators.

The source of the greatest peril to all ships crossing the Atlantic, and that most dreaded by all commanders, is fog. The speed and size of the large steamers in the hands of competent and vigilant men are conducive in many instances to their safety; and were it not for this bete noire of the sea, ocean travelers would have little to fear.

The importance of a code of marine signals, simple in its arrangements for use in foggy weather, can not be too strongly advocated. A commander standing upon the bridge, his ship enveloped in a dense mass of impenetrable vapor, has but his sense of hearing to depend upon, and can be guided only by that. He stands at his post, every nerve drawn to its highest tension, listening for sounds that for hours do not reach him. At last, from a distance a faint whistle is borne on the ear, and he is then instantly on the alert.

He strains his ear to locate the sound, for the fog is so dense that he can not see twenty yards away. Is she a slower steamship than his own that he is overtaking, or is it one that he is meeting? There is nothing in that one blast to give him any information and he can only wait and listen. He sounds his steamer's whistle once or twice, according as he ports or starboards his helm, and awaits the answering signal. Nothing reaches his ear but the one blast at short intervals. He can only rely on his judgment, and, reducing the speed, keep on the course he has selected.

The sound becomes clearer. The unknown ship is approaching, and he realizes that she is drawing nearer and nearer; so near that his heart is beating rapidly, and he almost holds his breath in the intensity of his anxiety. A dark shadowy form passes so close by to him that for a moment his blood runs cold, and every pulsation ceases; but the danger is over. She has disappeared in the fog, and he can breathe again, for his ship and all on board are safe.

This is but one of the thousands of hairbreadth escapes that have occurred on the ocean which have never been recorded and which will never be known. —Captain Kennedy, in North American Review.

Country of the Upper Nile.

For the first five or six hundred miles of its course, from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nile is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the river of the mountains. This is the most beautiful part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests; green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and foaming rapids. About half way between the Victoria Nyanza and Lado the Nile flows through the northern end of the Albert Nyanza. About twenty-five miles above the Albert Lake are the Murchison Falls. Below the lake, for more than one hundred miles, the stream is broad and placid, traversing a comparatively level country, and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert Lake, it passes Wadelai, the present headquarters of the [illegible]'s government. [illegible]

THE ELDEST CHILD.

Experiments in Diet and Discipline Tried Upon the First Born.

The oldest child in most families is to be pitied. It is the object of all the hygenic, educational and governmental experiments of its young parents, who, by the time the fifth or sixth has arrived, will be willing to let nature have her perfect work. They will learn to comprehend that the laws which apply to the young of the lower orders hold good with the young of the human species. The first child is bathed to pieces and dressed to death. Every smudge upon its little hands or face brings the mother or nurse upon the scene with the omnipresent sponge and soap. Every speck upon the immaculate white frock necessitates a change. A mother of nine children said once: "I used to dress my first child as many as ten times a day." Think of the torture of taking the tender, nervous little body out of and putting it into ten different dresses in the course of one short day! Then it is made a repository for a painful variety and quantity of food—in these degenerate days when the average infant is "brought up by hand." Cow's milk, goat's milk, condensed milk, and countless foods and extracts are tried in succession until it is a miracle that the child's digestion is not permanently impaired.

Those that come after it have the benefit of its painful and trying experience.

When it grows older the experiments in education and discipline begin. If the parents are fresh from college and have advanced ideas on education the child is set to learning its letters as soon as it can walk. The kindergarten receives it at a very early period; if the mind is quick it is dangerously stimulated; if it is slow, nature, who knows best always and takes her time, is hurried by every available means. The ideas in regard to discipline are carried into effect as to hours, amusements and work. Impossible things are required until after a long time it is discovered that they are not possible. The miseries of the first born do not end here. He becomes responsible not only for his own sins of omission and commission, but for all the transgressions of the younger ones. He hears continually, "my son, don't you know you should not do that? You are not only doing wrong yourself but are setting a bad example for your little brothers and sisters," half the mischief they get into. Half the naughty habits they form, are attributed to the bad example of the eldest. The child, if he is sensitive goes about burdened with more responsibility than he should bear. There may be no help for the experiments that grow out of diet and clothing, since what is best can only be ascertained, by experimenting, but it is an unpardonable thing for a parent to make any one child the scapegoat of the family. Many an eldest child can look back upon some very keen suffering that this injustice occasioned.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOPE FOR BALD-HEADS.

Indiana Science Too Much for the Bacillus Crinovorax Humanus.

Baldheaded men, who have had to suffer the slings and arrow of outrageous fortune in the shape of the gibes of those who sit behind them at the opera and catch the glory of the ballet reflected from their shining nobs, will be pleased to learn that an Indiana chemist has paved the way for their deliverance. This is not an advertisement, and the individual who speaks of chestnuts or murmurs "Rats!" without further applying his ear to wisdom and his heart to understanding may have occasion to regret his hasty judgment.

It seems some German scientist, finding his forehead reaching farther back than was strictly demanded by the laws of beauty, began to investigate the subject closely and found that the damage was caused by a microbe, which, for the sake of brevity and to distinguish it from other parasites, he called the bacillus crinovorax humanus. This microbe, we are told, is shaped like the point of a needle, and has the power of rotary motion like a steam drill, which it uses to bore into the scalp of the victim, loosening the fastenings of his thatch, and finally unroofing him as completely as a Kansas cyclone unroofs the humble habitation of the hardy settler.

It might be supposed that with these powerful qualities of destructiveness the B. C. H. could pursue its infamous career of desolation unobstructed, but the Indiana man has devised a preparation which promptly reduces it to a condition of innocuous desuetude. The first dose causes it to abandon its nefarious occupation and remark on the rapidly growing unhealthfulness of the neighborhood, and the next application causes it either to vacate the premises or to give up a troublesome or misspent life. Not only does it rid the settlement of the unwelcome intruder, but it deters others of the like ilk from coming in to take up the abandoned claim, and the owner of the poll, who formerly went about with a cranium as bare as a billiard ball, thereafter rejoices like Absalom in the beauty and luxuriance of his locks.—Indianapolis Journal.

Half a Dozen Household Helps.

To remove sewing machine oil, wet the spots with turpentine and wash out with cold water and toilet soap.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water applied with a rag will clean silver and gold jewelry.

Plaster of Paris is an excellent material for sealing catsup and fruit bottles or jars, and is more easily applied than sealing-wax.

—Strong muriatic acid applied with a cloth and the spot washed thoroughly with water, is recommended to remove ink-stains from boards.

—One ounce each of cloves, cedar and rhubarb pulverized together, make a good perfume for closets and drawers, and helps to prevent moths.

Make starch with soapy water and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods. It prevents the iron from sticking, and makes a glossy surface [illegible]

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Good order and neatness combined will make the plainest feast acceptable and appetizing.

—Don't trifle with patent medicines. If you are sick enough to need any medicine at all, beyond the simple household remedies familiar to you all, you are sick enough to need the attendance of a physician.

—A sponge-bag is indispensable when traveling, and may be very pretty when made of butcher's linen, embroidered in raw silk or linen floss, and gathered on draw-strings of white braid. It should be lined with rubber sheeting or oiled silk.

—Always treat a common cold with great respect. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will get well anyway; but the hundredth cold, if neglected, may lead to bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption. It is best to take no such chances.

—Muslin rags soaked in aromatic vinegar, and suspended near the door, so as to be agitated by the draught, will prevent unpleasant smells and purify the air. Rags dipped in chloride of lime and suspended across the room on a cord are a disinfectant in cases of fever.

—In tying small parcels, the pack-thread or twine is apt to slip back again after being drawn closely around it rendering necessary a close pressure of the finger on the forming knot. This slipping back is easily prevented by slightly moistening the twine where the two parts come together, and those who tie many packages will save much time and labor by using this remedy.

—No medicine is so beneficial to the sick as fresh air. It is the most reviving of all cordials if administered with prudence. Doors and windows should not be thrown open suddenly or at random. Fresh air should be let into the room gradually, and, if possible, by opening the windows of an adjoining apartment. If the windows of the patient's room can not be opened, a good plan is to swing the door quickly backwards and forwards.

—Rooms that are much frequented, or school rooms, often contain much carbonic acid and corresponding impurities, causing headache to those who remain long in them. The impurity may be ascertained with lime water. Fill a pint or quart bottle with water, and empty it anywhere in the room the air of which is to be examined. The bottle then becomes filled with that air. Then put into it a small spoonful of lime water, and shake it. If the lime water remains clear or colorless, the air is good enough to breathe. If, on the contrary, it becomes milky, the air is impure, and is unfit to breathe, the room requiring airing or ventilating.

BLOWING OUT THE GAS.

Sea Captains Who Can Not Understand the Great Illuminator.

The number of people who are yet unacquainted with the use of gas as an illuminator is something astonishing," remarked a well known down-town boniface recently. "You probably imagine," he continued, "that most of the ignorant ones come from the country, and many of them do, but not all by a long chalk. Among seafaring people the propensity to blow out the gas, instead of turning it off, is often found. I was once proprietor of a hotel very largely patronized by sea captains, and I had to watch them like children or they would suffocate themselves the very first chance they got.

"I remember on one occasion a Nova Scotian skipper pretty well-to-do came down to New York with his wife to look around. They stopped with me, and the morning after their arrival one of the chambermaids reported a gas leak. It was traced to the room of the Nova Scotians. We found the skipper's wife just gasping, and she was carried out barely in time to save her life. Her husband had gone out. When she came to she remarked: 'I declare now! I thought suthin' in that room smelled awful queer, and I told John to light a match and see what 'twas. He said he couldn't smell nothing, and went off to get our trunks. Gas, you say! Why, I thought it was kerosene ile in them pipes.'

"It is needless to say that I was thankful that John didn't light that match," continued the landlord.

"On another occasion I was just about to leave the hotel office when an old sea captain rushed up to the desk in a very excited state. 'Say!' said he, 'thar's somethin' dead in that room you gave me. It smells like all possessed, and I can't find it neither. I can't sleep there and I won't.'

"He had turned off the gas and then turned it on again.

"Once when going by the room occupied by a couple of Dutch skippers I heard one of them say: 'Vel! vel! dot's a funny lamp. She von't blow oudt!' Then followed a blowing and puffing and a noise which sounded as though a scuffle was going on.

"They opened the door when I knocked, and there stood one of the captains about ready to seek repose, but with an old felt hat in his hand with which he was energetically cuffing the gas jet, hoping to extinguish it. His astonishment at his non-success was comical, but when I told him what might have resulted had he been successful his disgust was succeeded by the most abject terror. I do not think I ever saw a more thoroughly scared man—and he had commanded a Dutch ship for twenty years and had been in some of the worst hurricanes on the ocean. Human nature is queer, isn't it?"—N. Y. Herald.

A Custom That was Pretty.

A Randolph street undertaker: I don't know whether you remember it or not, but there used to be a custom in vogue which was a pretty one, and I wonder why it hasn't been revived. When a child died a plate, bearing its name and age, was prepared and placed upon the coffin, just as is the custom now. After the service was over, the plate was removed and given to the mother, who kept it as a sacred keepsake. I know a lady who has one which was taken from the coffin of her child. She has had it mounted prettily and uses it for a paperweight.—Chicago Tribune.

FULL OF FUN.

—Figures will not lie, but the female figure will fool a man once in awhile.—Binghamton Leader.

—Smartte—"Hello, Sharppe! How's Christian science gittin' along?" Sharppe—"O, I've give up Christian science an' gone back to plain bunko."—Puck.

—"Who was the first man, Tommy?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, after explaining that our first parents were made from the dust of the earth. "Henry Clay, ma'am."—Chicago Advance.

—Pat Lynch (to his helpmate)—"Sure, and that's th' sivinth bucket o' schlops Oi do be fetchin' to the old porker, an' he do look jist as wistful-loike as he did afore he had a mouthful. Be Harry, but a hog's well named."—Life.

—Lady (leaving a store)—"You bet I am up to the tricks of these merchants. I made him come down two dollars on price." Merchant (to himself)—"I am up to the tricks of these lady customers. I put the price up four dollars."—Texas Siftings.

—"I love so much to hear Herbert talk," said Mamie to her mother. "You do?" "Yes; there is such a ring about his remarks." "A ring? Perhaps his intentions are really serious."—Merchant Traveler.

—Here is something (a hint, in fact) for the piano-man.—Triton (at home on a visit)—"Well, father, what is the news?" Neptune—"Nothing much, except that a large number of the fishes have struck for the adoption of a uniform scale."—Musical Courier.

—"My lad," remarked Judge Spencer to the little boy who had just taken the witness stand, "do you understand the nature of an oath?" "Yes, sir, I was in pap's office yesterday when his coal bill was presented." "Mr. Clerk, enroll the witness."—St. Joseph News.

—Freddy—"Ma, whenever pa meets Dr. Vandel he always says to him, 'How are you, old hoss!' What does he mean by that?" Ma—"O, it's nothing more than a term to express thorough familiarity." Uncle Josh—"May be; but I rather think he calls the doctor 'old hoss' because he's such a famous charger."—Richmond Dispatch.

—The Renewal of College Labor.—Professor of Geology—"Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term, I asked you to report to me, individually, any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin." Corbett, '91—"Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a tailor-made suit."—Puck.

—Mrs. Selfmade—"Now, all the preparations for the house-warmin' is complete, an' I can't think o' nothin' more to contribute to the enjoyment of them that's going to be present."—Mr. Selfmade—"There's only one thing I would suggest. Nail up a sign in the parlor saying: 'Guests that use hair oil is requested not to lean their heads agin the wall paper.'"—America.

—Akron editors can not tell a lie, but one of them has made a desperate attempt in that direction, viz: A local physician in one of Ohio's counties has a great fondness for performing surgical experiments. His latest is one of extreme interest. Carefully extricating the proboscis of a lusty mosquito, he successfully transplanted it into the nasal front of a common house fly. The bite of the fly now has all the pleasant pungency of its swamp relative.—Cleveland Leader.

EXCESSIVELY POLITE.

Illustrations of Phenomenal Courtesy and Fulsome Flattery.

It is possible that there is such a thing as being too polite; at least, one may err in the direction of a too obsequious courtesy. It is said that a royal personage once asked a courtier what time it was, and the man replied, with a low reverence, and with bated breath:

"Whatever time your Majesty pleases."

Doubtless the King would have been better pleased with a less flattering and more definite answer.

There is a tradition in a certain house that one of its guests was so polite that none of her preferences could be ascertained, and the following incident is always quoted in illustration of her phenomenal courtesy.

"Now, Kitty," said her hostess, one morning, "we can either row or drive this morning; which would you prefer?"

"Thank you, that will be charming," was the non-committal reply, and, as her hostess afterward declared, "wild horses could not have drawn from her a further avowal."

Such careful courtesy is often exceedingly amusing, and when used by an Irishman, one can fancy that it would be provocative of smiles. An Irish sailor once called the captain of his vessel from a coffee-house with the flattering statement:

"An't plaze yer Honor, the tides is waiting for ye!"

Surely the captain might have thought himself more than the equal of King Canute, who found by actual experiment, that he was unequal to controling the sea.

Perhaps the advice of a certain dear old lady applies to etiquette, as well as to other affairs of life. "Speak the truth always," she was wont to say, "but speak it gently."—Youth's Companion.

The Gift of Cheerfulness.

Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms; and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jest of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what any body can see in her rival—a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is indeed of great value; but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cherry heart, not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.—N. Y. Ledger.